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ALLEDGER

Vol. V, No. 5

BOSTON COLLEGE LAW SCHOOL

April 3-April 16, 1985

16th National Conference On Women and the Law

by Pamela Merchant

The 16th National Conference on Women and the Law was held last week (March 21-24) in New York City. Several women from Boston College Law School attended the conference among the few thousand participants. Members of the Women's Law Center were able to attend, in part, through the financial support of Dean Huber for which we are very grateful.

The theme of this year's conference was "Building Bridges, Not Walls." The theme embodied a reaffirmation of the conference's commitment to advocate women's rights and to build stronger connections with all women — Third World women, women of color, low-income and working class women, lesbians, older women, and women with disabilities by focussing primarily on building bridges to eliminate racism in the women's movement. The conference is also committed to coordinating the efforts of legal practitioners and community organizers to develop strategies to ensure that women are truly afforded equal access to the legal system.

Over 200 workshops were held in 24 subject

areas which included: arts/feminist culture; criminal justice and women in prison; women and disabilities; constitutional jurisprudence; employment; environmental law; health; labor and unions; reproductive rights; and violence against women. More than 400 women served as panelists at these workshops. The panelists were as diverse as the workshops, ranging from academics to social workers and community organizers.

As a law student, I found the conference inspiring. The participants all shared a professional vision of change through the legal system and are specifically concerned with increasing the accessibility of legal alternatives for those groups that have traditionally remained disenfranchised. Moreover, the conference provided a forum where issues such as feminist jurisprudence, and new ways to challenge gender-based discrimination could be embraced and debated.

The debate which received the most attention centered on the proposed anti-pornography ordinances which have been developed and sponsored by groups such as Women Against

Pornography (WAP). The other side of the debate, which opposes the anti-pornography legislation, is represented by the Feminist Anti-Censorship Task Force (FACT). Needless to say, the First Amendment debate is complex and far from being resolved.

The Women's Law Center is sponsoring a continuation of this debate on Friday, March 29th during the LSA Speakers Series. Conference panelist Norma Ramos, a New York attorney and member of the NOW media task force and WAP, will be speaking along with Barbara Findler, Boston WAP, on the Civil Rights Approach to Pornography Legislation.

Resource materials from the conference are available through the WLC. We are purchasing some tapes from a variety of workshops and will be requesting that the library order some of the new resource volumes and law journals addressing women and the law issues. The WLC will also be presenting a discussion with conference attendees in the near future.

Democrats Inhibit Democracy

by Terry Vetter

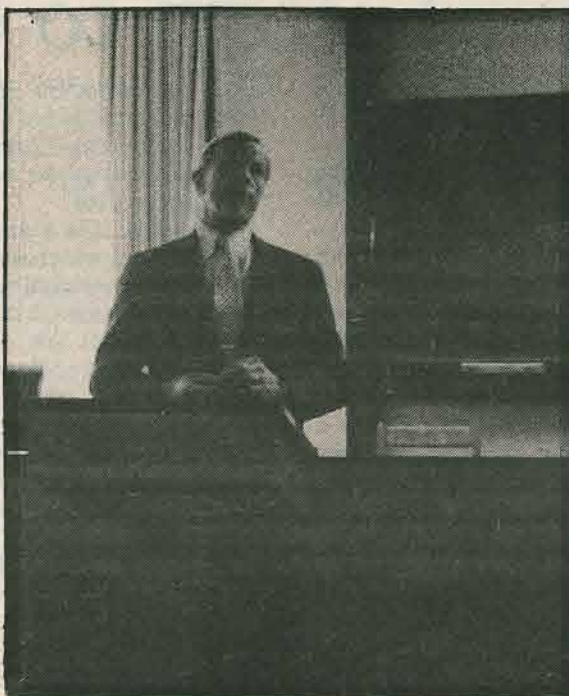
Massachusetts government is poorly run because it has become a one-party state in terms of elected government officials according to Senate Minority Leader David Locke who spoke at the latest edition of the ever popular LSA Speaker Series. "So What's New Under the Golden Dome" would have been an appropriate title for this comments.

Senator Locke raised an interesting question: If the legislature is so dominated by a single party why is it so expensive to run and inefficient to the point where it has been in session for five continuous years? Shouldn't a legislature with no meaningful opposition be able to legislate without endless beauracracy?

The Democrats are attempting to remedy this situation by changing the rules of the legislative process. Senator Locke is convinced that the rule changes will only further entrench the Democratic party in the state legislature and provide no substantial remedies.

Any one-party system, not the Democrats per se, inhibits the interaction of debate and analysis necessary to produce good legislative results. When the outcome of a bill is assured a legislator does not scrutinize a proposed law the way his constituents elected him to do. Prior to the rules battle the Democrats were involved with the political infighting of choosing a Speaker of the House. Politics is taking precedent to effectively managing the affairs of the state and Massachusetts taxpayers are footing the bill. Senator Locke maintains that re-establishing a two-part system in Massachusetts would resolve some of the ineptitude currently exhibited on Beacon Hill.

Republicans becoming a force in Massachusetts politics is not such a far-fetched



David Locke on "What's New Under the Golden Dome."

idea as one may think. President Reagan carried the state in 1980 running against an incumbent Democrat and recently defeated Walter Mondale, the epitome Northern liberal, by a convincing margin. However, Republicans cannot begin to be elected to office in Massachusetts unless they begin to produce some candidates. In the last election over thirty Democrats ran unopposed for state offices.

Senator Locke mentioned several factors inhibiting potential Republican candidates from

seeking elected office. Although the Senator did not use the word gerrymandering, he did comment that because the electoral districts are established by a legislature that is about 90% Democratic there is inherent prejudice in favor of the majority party. Anyone familiar with Massachusetts politics knows that the reshaping of district lines for the State legislature to ensure a Democratic controlled statehouse is not considered a significant ethical violation. What Democrats are best at in Massachusetts is pro-

Politics is taking precedent to effectively managing the affairs of the state...

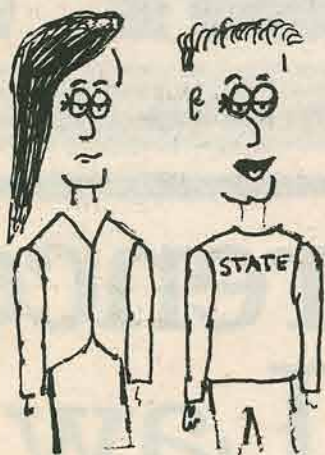
viding political and financial plums for their constituents. Private interest groups flock to the Democrats at the statehouse because they are the ones in control of the purse strings. The Republicans don't have the power or the money to patronize people who can help the party politically in the future. Republicans cannot afford to spend the \$100,000 necessary to get elected to the statehouse for two years at a salary of \$30,000 a year. And those who can afford to run for office are discouraged by the full disclosure laws.

The solution according to Senator Locke is for young Republicans to start at the ground level. He feels that if the party is to have a voice in Massachusetts that the party needs to elect representatives to local school boards, zoning boards, city councils, and other traditionally non-partisan local offices. Once these people establish themselves at that level the Republicans will have a base to work from to attain higher political offices.

-OPINION/EDITORIAL-

Dirk B. Finch
< Law Student >

Dirk takes time out of his busy schedule to give a tour to prospective first-years:



Overhere we have a forged letter from the dean. Personally, that's what I like best about B.C. Law, we have a great bunch of kudders here. It keeps you on your toes.

Kenny V.

ALLEDGER

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Editorial

As was noted in The Counselor, the Dean's office is seeking information regarding the posting last week of a forged memo addressed from Dean Huber to the law school community. For anyone who did not read the bulletin boards Saturday morning or who missed what can only be called the diverse reactions of those who did, the purpose of the memo was to share with the community the "favorable ranking" Boston College has received in a survey of American law schools. In it, Dean Huber proudly announced that the 1984 "Gordon Report" (actually, it's Gorman, but the forger didn't realize this) had placed BCLS 96th in the country. (Wow! 96th. I can hear those job offers already!!). Ironically, that particular Saturday was open house for admittees to the class of 1988. (Not a good public relations ploy.)

It's good to know that the Dean was not, as the bogus memo conveyed, proud of our ranking and urging us to keep up the good work. The fact is that the Gorman survey does rank law schools (and, in its infinite wisdom and omniscience, medical and professional schools as well.) Further, it did place Boston College 92nd (behind Southern Louisiana School of Law and Cosmetology). While the statistical criteria are questionable (or at least would be if they were known), it is also a fact that the survey does make its way into the hands of many potential law students as they are evaluating schools and deciding where to attend. Prior to a request from Boston College Law School to cease, Stanley Kaplan regularly included a copy of the survey in its LSAT preparation package.

To someone who wouldn't know otherwise (like the law students who first saw the ranking and memo posted) Gorman's sur-

vey would appear entirely legitimate. Obviously, people aren't going to be real enthusiastic about attending a school ranked 96th... I mean 92nd.

The problem is that based on Gorman's formula, the results are as they were reported. In other words, as there is no fraud or misrepresentation involved, little if anything, can be done about the survey. Fortunately its potential for damage is limited by the assumption that a few prospective law students end their evaluations of law schools with such a survey. But more important is the reputation of BCLS itself. This is what would really compel one to question the validity of such a ranking. The existence of the Gorman survey shouldn't be cause for us to doubt our school, or faculty, and certainly not ourselves. Since it is obviously wrong, the challenge lies in making it appear even more bogus.

T.B.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Disgust. That is the only word to describe how I feel today as I listen to the pro's and con's being bantered around concerning the current MX missile debate. One could harangue endlessly concerning the merits and shortcomings of spending \$1.5 billion for the production of 21 missiles. "The United States must bargain from a position of strength at Geneva in order to close our window of vulnerability," proponents insist, whereas "needless spending for a vulnerable weapon system during an era of unprecedented budget deficits is senseless," opponents contend. The debate will continue to rage long after the final vote.

Growing up in an age where post-Vietnam and Watergate disillusion and cynicism is still prevalent, although neatly hidden under the guise of Yuppie-ism, I am propelled to pose the question, "Who cares what Congress does with \$1.5 billion?" Either way, will the construction worker from South Boston be directly affected by the presence of 21 more missiles in our arsenal? Will the aggressive account executive from State Street individually feel the daily affect of the \$1.5 billion dollar expenditure? For all

the emotion generated from political issues such as the MX, the average American's life will not change no matter what Congress does.

Yes, it is a disgust I feel for a system which may debate issues with potentially great theoretical implications, but for all practicality it will not change our daily lives. If a nuclear war does occur, I hardly think that those 21 missiles will directly be to blame for my demise. No, the fate of the MX has no bearing on us so long as potholes remain cratered in Commonwealth Avenue, the Red Line runs on delay, and the Red Sox continue to tease our sensibilities.

William A. Holley, III

To the Editors:

The last edition of the *Alledger* was something special. While it looked like many that have been published since February of 1984 it was a little better than any before.

Technically, it was sharp. There were few typos. The headlines were well written, spaced and siz-

ed. The layout was clean and easy to follow. The jump page instructions, all but one of them, were not forgotten.

The content was good. The Dean Search article was timely. The perspective pieces were entertaining. The letter to the editor was poignant. What was even better was who wrote the paper. There were articles by men and women from all three classes. And the distribution of topics made the entire issue readable.

The best thing of all was the way this last issue felt. It felt like it was part of the community. It reported recent events. It offered information concerning ongoing issues. It addressed the emotions of the law school. It was informative. It was funny. It was touching. It felt good. That is what a community newspaper should be.

A little over a year ago we started the *Alledger* on the road to this goal. Those of us who worked on the paper last spring brought it part of the way. But this latest issue is what we were shooting for. Kenny and Tina, I offer my congratulations and thanks.

Irwin B. Schwartz

-LAW SCHOOL FORUM-

Law and Television

by Jeffery Savit

One of the most hotly debated issues that permeates our legal community is whether television cameras should be allowed inside the courtroom. The question that remains unanswered is whether the courtroom should be opened up to millions of eavesdropping Americans. Most television viewers have been weaned on Perry Mason and Owen Marshall, not what transpires in the actual courtroom arena. Despite arguments to the contrary that address a party's right to privacy, there is a compelling need to educate people about our legal system. Speaking to the Rhode Island Federal Bar Association in Providence on March 18, 1985, Judge William Young advocated televising trials by saying that "On balance, people should be able to see the courtroom process. T.V. is an educational tool without parallel. . . . We are better served with T.V. there. When you're talking to the jury you are really talking to the people they represent." 13 M.L.W. 896.

There is also a developing school of thought, of which I am an advocate, that maintains that the marriage of television to the law developed during the Golden Age of television of the early 1950's. For instance, let's take *I Love Lucy*. First of all, remember the time the Ricardos bought little Ricky a set of drums — Fred and Ethel had a strong case for constructive eviction. In the same vein, did you ever wonder if the Mertzes subleased their apart-

ments when they travelled to California with the Ricardos? Of course, it must be asked: What kind of tenancy did Ricky have in the first place? Speaking of domiciles, did Ricky's purchase of his summer home in Westport, Connecticut qualify under the vacation home provision of Sec. 280A of the Tax Code?

For those of you who never viewed *Lucy* in this way, you probably never realized what was going on behind the scenes on *Green Acres*. Do you think that Arnold Ziffel could have won his ten million dollar lawsuit had it not been for the skills of ex-lawyer Oliver Wendell Holmes Douglas, III? Did you know that Mr. Haney was always engaging in Fraud in the Inducement and that his goods would never have passed the muster of U.C.C. Sec. 2-315. Needless to say, no one could have maintained a negligence action against storekeeper Sam Drucker, because he was the reasonable man himself. As long as we are in Hooterville, just think of the problems that would have befallen Uncle Joe and the girls had the *Petticoat Junction* train ever malfunctioned. If Granny Clampett from *The Beverly Hillbillies* had been visiting Mr. Kimball from *Green Acres* and rode the train to see him, just think about all the third party defendants that could have been impleaded had a *Palsgraf* situation arisen (*Kimball v. Uncle Joe, Bobby Jo, Betty Jo & Billie Jo*). Speaking about the Clampetts, did you ever think whether Mr.

Drysdale owed a fiduciary duty to Jed Clampett, let alone whether Miss Hathaway could have slapped the banker with a gender discrimination suit?

It is a common complaint of many law students that they simply do not know how to study the law actively. Who would have realized that the many situation comedies we have all been watching have been providing us with this educational tool in a highly enjoyable, non-Socratic fashion. For example, did you ever stop to think of the larceny implications that could have arisen on *The Brady Bunch* when Marcia Brady's boyfriend (the rival quarterback), stole her brother Greg's football playbook? And how about the episode of *The Partridge Family* when daughter Laurie's braces began picking up radio stations. Her dentist must surely have been liable for some form of malpractice. In a similar vein, if Major Nelson had not released Jeannie from her bottle, Barbara Eden would have had an excellent case for false imprisonment. Anticipating your next question, I cannot tell you what capital gains implications would have arisen had Jerry Van Dyke declared *My Mother The Car* as a dependent. It should also come as no surprise that it really wasn't the Skipper who was negligent in sailing the S.S. Minnow to *Gilligan's Island*, but in fact it was Mr. Howell who hijacked the vessel in order to avoid a messy proxy battle with Carl Icahn. Needless to say, both Thurston and Lovey Howell kept their millions at the Bank of Boston.

By now, you are well on your way to learning how to study the

law actively through the medium of television. But before cockiness sets in, I want to address some final issues to see how well you've mastered this course on Law and Television: 1) Was Otis the drunk accorded due process from Barney Fife and Sheriff Taylor during his nightly stay in jail? 2) If anyone had died from Aunt Bea's cookies, would malice aforethought have been imputed to her? 3) Giving equal access to nature shows, would Marlin Perkins' treatment of Jim Fowler on the *Wild Kingdom* have strained the Justinian concept of *ferae naturae*? 4) If Maxwell Smart injured a KAOS agent, would the Chief have been held liable under a respondeat superior theory? 5) In a similar vein, was CONTROL in *Get Smart* a closely held corporation? 6) Was Mr. French of *Family Affair* considered a nanny under the common law? 7) What if it turned out that Ernie was really Fred McMurray's illegitimate, not adopted son, on *My Three Sons*?

Given the fact that Scott Osborne has not examined the issue of television in the courtroom on *Entertainment Tonight*, this debate will continue long into the future. But as you now begin to think actively using the techniques which have been scientifically proven by my fellow peers John Blessington, Paul McDermott, Ann Milner, and Kenny Viscarello, I want you to consider one thing before you install Cable television systems into your homes; namely, if Grant Tinker knew all the answers, he never would have divorced Mary Tyler Moore.

Bore-All Arguments

by Mark Katzoff

MS Barnes took orals calmly, occasionally thumbing through her bound first edition of great Philosophers of the Western World in search of a few choice names to drop at the judges' feet. Her opponent, Marbury Patzoff, was far from calm. He lit into MS every opportunity he could, both out of class and in, contradicting her every argument. One or two professors noticed this, and Professor Coulter especially encouraged it with almost childlike glee, egging Marbury on to greater heights of combative frenzy. The rest of the class began to slack off on their reading as Professor Coulter said a few introductory remarks, and turned the class into the MS and Marbury show. It was the most fun, and the least work, he had had in years.

MS took Marbury's unexpected vehemence in stride, without really understanding it. She politely asked him if he wanted to practice his argument with her and got in response:

"No thanks. I want to be surprised. I love surprises, don't you?" This came in a thick Bela Lugosi accent and was punctuated by a sinister leer and an abrupt departure.

The act was sheer bravado. Marbury had not a clue on how to argue his case. He had consulted James Skokie, a bearded throwback to the '60s who was the closest thing to a beatnik/philosopher that BC had available. James had proved a great help, but to MS's case.

Marbury's confidence was hardly improved when he consulted the attorneys that he worked for. They gave him their con-

lences, and told him that arguing an impossible case would be a good character-building experience. Marbury ranked that with "eat your liver, it's good for you" or "the check is in the mail." With nothing to lose, Marbury developed a unique strategy. Do not prepare and hope that MS cracked or croaked. Not exactly brilliant, but the best he could do under the circumstances. It would not work. Exactly.

The night before orals, Marbury lay awake, nervous. MS slept the sleep of the innocent, like a little lamb, unaware that she would soon be fleeced.

When argument came the next day, Marbury was no less nervous. MS greeted him outside the door, smiled, straightened his tie, and wished him good luck. He could barely speak in reply, much less walk to his seat.

Marbury paid close attention as MS began her argument. From the start, things when sour. MS's propensity for pauses, which he had hoped would disrupt the flow of her argument, aided it instead by providing a natural breakpoint for questions, and giving MS time to come up with the answers. A typical exchange:

Judge: "You're saying that the court can't ask if he was brainwashed?"

MS: "Well, um the Court has usually only looked at external things, um, external actions of the person, to determine whether a person's sincere, uh, and even if the court could look, ah, sincerity, ur, there is not a clear indication of brainwashing here, only a bare possibility."

The last segment came out in a rush of breath as MS raced the

"um" advancing from the bottom of her throat.

As MS's argument dragged on, Marbury grew even tenser, snapping the pencil he had held in his hand for notes. He had taken none. He looked at MS standing clear and poised. He looked at the bailiff, Alice D'Agostino, entranced by the sheer rightness of MS's argument. He looked at the judges smiling and nodding in approval as another point struck home. Marbury then did the only thing an irrational man would do in that situation—he freaked out.

It was not a violent freakout, in fact Marbury sat quite calmly in his chair, but his mind was gone. Later, the only thing he could recall were scraps of conversation.

"Mr. Patzoff, are you prepared to argue?"

"Huh, oh yes your honor."

Marbury rose groggily to his feet, like a punchdrunk fighter who has not yet realized that he has been knocked out. He stumbled to the podium like a condemned man walking the last mile. A supernatural calm came over him, as he prepared to face impending doom. Then suddenly, like a nova burst, the import of the words he had heard aboard the *Enterprise* hit him. His eyes snapped open and shot a glance at MS.

"May it please the court, I move to dismiss this appeal and to have the esteemed opposing counsel remanded to the bar for discipline on grounds of perjury."

MS's mouth, set in a small half-smile as she prepared to savor her opponent's argument dropped open, exposing her tongue. The three lawyers sitting at the bench conferred momentarily, and finally a distinguished grey-haired attorney asked with a broad grin,

"Could you please elaborate, counselor?"

"Certainly, your honor. First, I would like to point to page 15 of counsel's brief, copies of which I have here for your convenience, where the brief is signed under oath. Next, I refer to Rule 1 of the Code of Professional Responsibility, which I assume is binding in Abbot? If counsel knowingly made false statements in her memo while under oath, she is liable for perjury, and the document and case should be thrown out of this courtroom."

Three minutes later, Marbury concluded. After some hemming and hawing and clearing of throats, the judges announced that they would take Marbury's motion under advisement and asked him to continue. They needn't have bothered. The rest was academic. The judges looked at Marbury and saw themselves as young men, brimming with chutzpah. Seventeen minutes later, for Alice had lost track of time during the excitement, Marbury concluded, and the judges wasted little time in declaring him the winner. The perjury question remained unresolved.

In a credit to a strong constitution, MS was actually able to get on her feet and congratulate Marbury.

"Congratulations, Mr. Patzoff. I'm very impressed. How did you come up with that argument anyway?"

"I warned you early on about your little fibs, didn't I? As for the idea, I just listened to the words of a wise man, wiser than Mill, who once said something like 'if you can't win, change the rules.'"

"Who said that, Richard Nixon?"

"No. James T. Kirk."

COMING SOON TO THE CLASS OF 1985



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-PERSPECTIVE-

BRIEFBUSTERS: A HO-DOWN IN THE HILLS OF NEWTON

By Mary Ellen Murphy

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the theatre, there was Neil "the Ho" Rodney Dangerfield Clark singing like Bruce Springsteen, bumping and grinding with J.C. "Boy George" Dibbs, conspiring against our fair school with Brother Tony G. Somineez, and fraternizing with the likes of Wild Bill Rehnquist. An entertainment law hypo, you ask? A typical Friday night in the library, you inquire? No, it was, in reality, the makings of a delightfully entertaining evening of dance, lyrics and wit, otherwise known as this year's Law Revue show. Indeed, Law Revue '85, entitled Briefbusters or Psych-Ho, will long be remembered for its new comers to the stage, its cameo appearances, and its uncanny parade of assorted look-alikes and sound-alikes.

This year's story writers provided us with a rare opportunity to envision "the Ho" as a maleficent, right-wing spellbinder of a guy, (still lovable and liberal under that black cape) por-

trayed ever convincingly by Neil Clark. This year's performance was once again enlivened by the tortuous incantations of Greg Lane, as Mr. D., not to be confused with Sandra D., who brought an air of conservatism to the second act. An encore performance was noted in the return of the High Priest of Budweiser and the Constitution, captured in the person of Juan Acosta, who won this year's "Most Closely Resembles A Professor" Award.

The Revue was truly graced once again with the talents of Valerie "Lauperstein" Libby and Joe "Fitzgibbon" Rodriguez, who must have fallen in love with each other's wonderful singing voices, not to mention their bodies.

And then, as always and unto the end of time, there was the Slu. As Peter Weiss, in true Slu garb and demeanor, uttered his words of evil and demise, a first year student in the audience was heard to cry out, "I'm not taking his class, no way!" Those of us who braved the Slu know that his bark is more tortuous and feloconious than his bite. Still, Weiss's performance was straight

from the "Caude".

The law school's administration was portrayed with all due respect, decorum and breakdancing this year by Russ "Purple Rain/First Year Pain" Stewart and, of course, tricky Dick Consoli as The Dean.

Back stage on opening night, one Revue performer confirmed a rumor that Bob Shea rehearsed his part as Prof. Youfam by pacing around the Chestnut Hill Reservoir just before dawn, wearing the same sweater and thinking about foxes. We also learned that those characters that you thought were professors were really former law students who went on to perfect their professorial impressions while practicing law. A fine job was done by those fellows and the lady, whoever they were.

As in past Review, the orchestra, chorus, choreography and the work of the back stage crew reflected a great deal of practice and precision, and all of which created a feeling of Broadway, right here at "B.C. in the hills of Newton." We salute you all. You looked marvelous.

Shelf Life

Recently I had occasion to spend my winter "recess" in the library ... again. The place seemed to have changed a bit since I wrung my moot court brief from the legal treatises and casebooks therein. I was immediately overcome by the stigma of being a second-year law student finding him/herself in unfamiliar surroundings in the law library. In order to salvage some face and a little of my vacation I astrally projected my metaphysical beingness, that portion unnecessary for the research and writing process, to the Bahamas for the duration; thereby maintaining my carefully polished image of being "not all there" as it were. In that my overall life force and karmic presence was dimmed to that extent, and because no one recognized me owing to my imperfect attendance record, I moved throughout the hallowed corridors and study areas unnoticed. It struck me, after hours of painstaking research into the whereabouts of a random selection of sources, that there seemed to be a unique filing system possibly explained by the commonly used designation of the facility (i.e., the "stacks"). There were "stacks" of books piled high on every table. First year moot court "crazies" were scurrying about the "stacks" in bleary-eyed excitement expressing deep-seated fear and paranoia over the possibility of their being reshelfed or "taken by hostile groups" before they had rechecked and confirmed an obscure cite, in monosyllabic unintelligible attempts at lay speech. Upper class "grimespersons" were toiling about with an air of nonchalant dedication and sophisticated indifference to the phenomenon. I wondered whose job it was to put all those books back on their respective shelves. I pondered this great mystery of life as I excavated my way through the "stacks" on my way to the nearest copy machine, including tangential passageways to the stapler/cutter area for vital arrangement techniques to be performed upon the material my individual research produced from those volumes still traceable through the more customary filing systems (i.e. card catalog, resource index, Columbus method (seek and you shall find), et. al.).

I wondered how many years such a reshelfment operation might require. I considered bidding on the project as fall back option in the event I failed to eventually pass "a" bar. I shelved the idea for future reference. I slithered back amongst a group of innocuous-looking students and peers. I stood unseen. I sent more of me to the Bahamas. I reshelfed my own materials out of a misplaced need to rise above the occasion, as well as to justify the authorship of this critical account. I felt part of my very being becoming sunburned and mentally turned over and applied more of the standard tanning oil product to my "self." I considered joining myself in the Bahamas, but after serious research into the going rates for transport of that physical portion of my "self". I decided to write my legal thesis instead.

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BAR REVIEW

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-ENTERTAINMENT-

Movie Reviews: Vision Quest and Sunday in the Country Gets Thumbs Up

by Jean Kim

Billed as the next *Rocky* — with the excitement of *Flashdance* — and the story line of *The Karate Kid* — *Vision Quest* moves out and beyond the ten/sex film category. Many scenes are outstanding, realistic and touching, despite potentially saccharine, stereotypical subjects. The dialogue and photography are fresh and the humor is off-beat and accurate.

The movie opens with an introduction to Londen Swain, played by Matthew Modine, a high school senior preparing to enter the toughest of wrestling weight classes. To qualify, and to win the state championship, Londen must diet and train constantly. Through his personal integrity and perseverance, Londen convinces his coach, team, the woman, and himself that he can beat the undefeated champion, "Shute."

Michael Schoeffling plays Londen's friend Kuch, a self-proclaimed Mohican, who explains that Londen's goals are like a "vision quest". The phrase is philosophical and obscure to Londen, Kuch and to the audience, but who cares? We all get the gist of it.

A parallel plot is Londen's winning the love, or at least the affection, of Carla, a 21-year-old "woman" who is on her way to California. Linda Fiorentino gives a strong performance as the object of Londen's thoughts and dreams. The minor characters act convincingly, despite a small snippet of film in which Madonna is in a town bar singing *Crazy For You*. The movie manages to weave around this scene.

Londen is the ultimate "good" senior — a brilliant student, an intense athlete, a truly embarrassed young man — until the silhouetted scenes. He is a loner who, like his father, does what he feels he must ... calmly and gently. He is neither perfectly dressed, nor groomed.

I know I've belabored the familiar facets of this film. However, the movie has its appeal and one can avoid those analytical skills that have come to

dissect relevant facts and return to another time when it was possible to train in a sport, to dream big dreams, and to have it all with a happy ending — no questions for the future. One suggestion: go with someone who appreciates these kinds of films — even a teenaged brother and his friends.

A Sunday in the Country (Un Dimanche a la Campagne)
Produced by Alain Sarde

For the more "cultured" among us who miss the artsy life and enjoy films with subtitles and elegant costumes, *A Sunday in the Country* may satisfy. The French film is about a 70-year-old painter, Monsieur L'Admiral, played by Louis Ducreux, whose family come to visit at his country home. The credits begin against the backdrop of a black screen, a child's rhyme, and the cryptic question, "When will you stop asking so much out of life Irene?" The next frame is of a sunny yard and the camera pans around stopping at the hands and legs of an old man. The audience sees his actual image only after the mirror reflection. And so the first moments of the film unfold.

The gliding, gentle speed of the camera movement continues throughout Sunday. The film, devoid of any startling revelations or resolutions, is true to its title. Symbols and clues as to the family are laid out as red herring but the film concludes with only the notion that this Sunday is but one Sunday in the country with this family. Thus, its tone is bittersweet, lonely and circular.

This film is definitely a mood piece. I would recommend it to those who a) love French, b) love to escape into other worlds, c) enjoy European film technique, d) want to remember more creative years, or e) are closet film critics.

The Faure music and French language should hint as to the style of the film. But then I enjoyed looking at the sunny country gardens and the man in the row behind me found the film a good opportunity to practice his pronunciation as he repeated parts of the dialogue (c/o, echo in the theater?)

High Tea At The Ritz—Almost

by Jean Kim,

For those of you who have winced and dined about town and enjoy the snobbish fantasies of *Dynasty* and *Falcon Crest*, why not explore downtown Boston's delights? Last weekend, on a whim to enjoy the quieter, more elegant moment, a girlfriend and I decided to walk around the antique stores on Charles Street and have tea at the Ritz before braving the aggressive, congested "T" home. My friend was a bit disappointed with the antique shops because not one carried any antique marbles. Diligently and naively, she would ask the antique dealers "Do you have any marbles?" while I would interject "She's a collector." One dealer assured us he had them *thank you!* While another replied, "I used to have them, but they're long gone." Happily, my friend found an object she could take home — an 1800s goldleaf Bible complete with a family tree from the estate of a former governor of Massachusetts. She was thrilled. I made an equally thrilling discovery: Mrs. Field's chocolate chip and macadamia nut cookie remains warm and delicious even when left in a bag for 10 minutes.

The cookies wetted our appetite towards something to drink. And why not tea at the Ritz? I've always loved Noel Coward and Cole Porter. My friend definitely has English roots. As we entered the hotel I was reminded of the

time I was with my mother at the Hilton in New York having strawberries and cream and nodding greetings to Jack Klugman. I know I was where I *belonged!* The information desk man greeted us and the four doormen stood at attention. I approached one, "Excuse me, could you tell me where we might have some tea?" The man looked at me and said "Second floor, ma'am." Alas, he looked at my girlfriend and quickly added "but you must be *appropriately attired*. No dungarees allowed upstairs." My friend, for the first time in her life, was underdressed. My friend from Texas who swore by Neiman-Marcus was wearing jeans and tennis shoes. I thanked him and we rushed out the turnstile.

The whole event had a profound impact upon both of us. We were ecstatic! Thrown out of the Ritz! And with that, my friend told me it was one of the most enjoyable times in Boston she ever had.

LAW REVIEW

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Boston College to Present *The King of Hearts*

The University Theater of Boston College, in association with the Boston College Dramatics Society will present the musical *The King of Hearts* on April 25, 16, and 27 at 8 PM at the Boston College Theater Arts Center.

This musical version of the very famous film of the same title, with book by Steve Tesich, music by Peter Link, and lyrics by Jacob Brackman, features a delightful assortment of sup-

posedly mad characters. Set in France near the end of World War I, the show is a delightful collage of fantasy and reality which enchants while it raises some intriguing questions about the human condition.

Tickets for the production are \$3.50/\$4.50 with a discount available for students and senior citizens. Reservations and further information are available by calling the Theater Box Office at 552-4800.

Be nice, be kind, be courteous, or beware. April 15th is coming. Say Hello! or even Hi! will do.

Legal Eagles End Season With Some Old Time Hockey

By Tom Durkin

The curtain closed on another season of Legal Eagle hockey last night as the Eagles outclassed the BU Terriers in a 2-2 tie. It was a heck of a year for the Eagles who finished with an 8-3-3 record. Co-Captain Dave Miele summed it up nicely when he remarked, skating off the ice, "It was a heck of a year."

The Eagles opened up with some nifty puck-work from center Dan Gaguin and Winger Tom Durkin. The defense of Tom Finigan and Irwin Schwartz stood strong, freezing the Terriers' offensive punch. Play was quick as both teams skated hard through the blue lines. Early in the game Third Year Wing, Bill Lee took note of the pace, "Jeez, we still got fifty-five minutes to play, why don't we slow down a little."

The Eagles scored first when Rookie Center Rich Galogly took the puck at mid-ice, and skating hard from the left boards, decked the BU defenseman and beat the goalie with a wrist shot to the short side. It was end-to-end hockey for most of the first period with both teams skating even. Near the 4-minute mark, Dave Miele put the Eagles up by 2 when he took a pass from behind the Terrier net and deposited the puck in the upper right hand corner.

The Eagles' lead was cut to 1 early in the second period as a Terrier forward snuck past Eagle net minder Brian Cook. Although the Terriers had come out flying, tough defensive play from Finigan, Schwartz and Hose, along with some hard-nosed forechecking from Andy Fay kept BU from scoring again in the second.

Midway through the third period, Irwin Schwartz gave some lessons in stick checking as he turned back 2 successive Terrier onslaughts. He then brought the crowd to its feet when he picked up a loose puck at the Eagle blue line. Wheeling back through his zone, he skated the length of the ice letting loose a rocket from on top of the right circle. Meanwhile, as Irwin picked up the puck, Dan Gaguin had run out to a nearby package store. The players on the bench were able to crack a beer before Irwin reached the Terrier zone. Although his shot went well wide of the net, everyone cheered, some for Schwartz's display, some for the refreshing drink, and some because the game was almost over.

With five minutes remaining, the score was tied as the rangy Terrier center, recently brought in from Trois Riviere, took a face off and sped

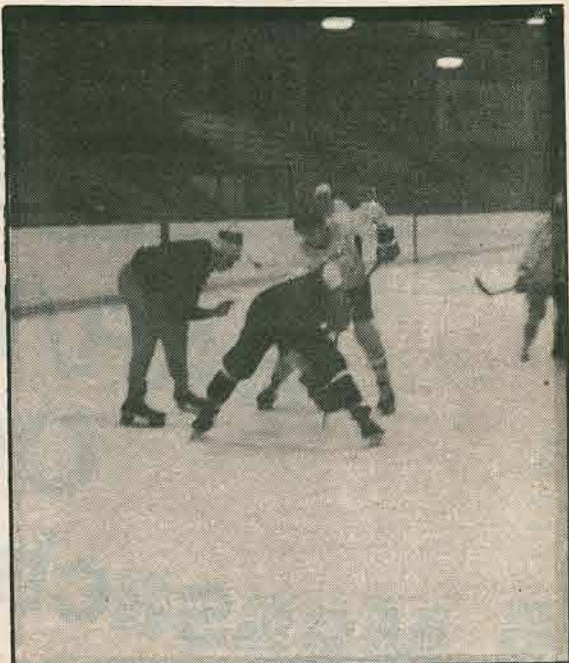
down the wing, beating Cook to the left post. After the third period buzzer sounded, the Eagles asked for a sudden death play-off, but the Zamboni driver refused to leave the ice claiming that he wanted to get home to see who won the Academy Award.

The season is now over, and many Eagle veterans have worn their sweaters for the last time. Most will be unemployed, and hopefully, some who are employed will be transferred. As such, I would like to salute the following third years for providing a lot of excitement: John Connelly, Dave Miele, Jim Freely, Tom Finigan, Geoff Hobart, Bill Lee, Jennifer Jorgenson, Bill O'Donnell, and Marc Cowan. A special thanks goes to Brian Cook who, after sustaining a severe facial injury early in the year, returned from Christmas break to play some of his best hockey ever, ending the season with a 3.17 goals per game average and an 8-3-3 record.

The Season is now over and many Eagle veterans have worn their sweaters for the last time.

Some real history has been made since the season started last October. Isaac Peres scored the first 2 goals of his 17-year hockey career and his parents had him bronzed. Rich Stacey sat on the bench for three games and then made a successful bid for the presidency of the First Year class. National League of Cities v. Usury was over-

turned, (Rehnquist, J., dissenting). Bill Lee donated his blue helmet and Hesplar stick to the hockey Hall of Fame in Waltham. And no one got lost driving to away games at Belmont Hall. At the end of each season, hockey great Eddie Shore, (one heck of a hockey player and one heck of a guy) would say, "We played hard, we won some, we got paid, it sure beats working in a rendering plant." Eddie knew a lot about hockey, but he never went to law school.



The Eagles perched for the face off.

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MASS. BAR EXAM PASS RATES FOR FIRST-TIME TAKERS

JULY 1984*			FOR FIRST-TIME TAKERS			JULY 1982*		
SMH %	ALL TAKERS %	NON- SMH %		SMH %	ALL TAKERS %	NON- SMH %		
92.7	86.6	81.1	BOSTON COLLEGE	96.2	87.7	79.5		
91.2	81.4	75.0	BOSTON UNIV.	90.5	91.1	91.5		
96.4	92.6	90.9	HARVARD	100	95.5	94.5		
79.1	73.7	57.8	NEW ENGLAND	68.7	62.8	41.7		
90.1	88.6	84.8	NORTHEASTERN	90.9	83.8	77.1		
80.4	79.9	78.8	SUFFOLK	85.5	84.3	79.7		
70.2	68.1	66.7	WEST. NEW ENG.	75.8	65.0	50.0		
87.9	82.1	75.0	OTHER	88.5	80.6	75.8		

*1983 RESULTS BY SCHOOL WERE NOT OFFICIALLY RELEASED.
These statistics represent all first-time takers. No discriminating data, such as class attendance, have been imposed on SMH registration data to enhance statistical performance.



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And for those students who took BAR/BRI and the optional HBJ Multistate Workshop, the BAR/BRI pass rate was even higher.

School	School Pass Rate	BAR/BRI Pass Rate
Boston College	87	91
Boston University	81	86
Harvard	93	95
New England	74	75
Northeastern	89	90
Suffolk	80	81
Western New England	63	69

According to the Massachusetts Lawyer's Weekly, January 7, 1985, the pass rate for the Summer 1984 Massachusetts Bar Examination was 76.9. All rates computed above are based on the bar exam results as published in the Boston Herald. All computations have been rounded off to the nearest whole number.